

# A SIN SUCH AS THIS



*Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

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## CONTENT WARNING

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### Book Summary:

A newlywed woman's world becomes tumultuous as she begins to distrust family members.

### Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities including adults with minors and rape; sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol and drug use; controversial religious commentary; and discussions of suicide.

**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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ii	Yes, You look like a goddess, he says, but you fuck like a demon.
9	<p>Some random forest dweller, hungry for a fuck?  "Goddamn it, who's there? Cavin? Is that you?"  Just off to my left is the tall, hollowed-out stump of a huge cedar, lost in one of the big windstorms that felled many of the old-timer trees. I bend to peek inside it, ascertain there's nothing there, and just as I start to tuck myself in, hands close around my throat from behind. Tighten, thumbs pushing against the pounding pulse.  Self-defense. There's a move. no. can't remember. I bring my own hands up, but when I try to pry my attacker's fingers off my neck, he barks, "Don't fight me, Red. This will barely hurt at all.  Cavin! Jesus. What the hell? Who is this man, and what, exactly, is his game? His teeth rake my neck, biting hard enough-to cause pain, if not blood. And for some insane reason, the mad rush of near panic serves as an aphrodisiac. I'm either going to die or come. "Stop." It's a weak attempt and the word lodges in my throat.  "Shut up."  He forces me facedown onto the thick cushion of forest vegetation. Briefly, I hope there's _no poison oak or ivy or whatever might grow in these woods. But any thought of rashes vanishes as soon as he yanks my leggings and panties to my ankles, then all the way off. My instinct screams get away. Do I listen? Or wrestle it and trust the Big Bad Wolf only wants to play?  "Luscious," he says, caressing the rounded contours of my butt, and that is closer to the man I've come to know.  "Cav—"  A hand clamps over my mouth. "Do not talk." He lifts himself over me, moves my hair to one side, and lowers his lips to the back of my neck. Again, there is a brilliant sink of fangs.  I force myself to stay calm, but now he slides his spare hand under my belly, lifts the lower half of my body off the forest floor and toward his face. "I will devour you." He burrows between my thighs, tongue tracing the slick path to the hard, round knob, and when it responds to the pull of his mouth, there is a small snap of incisors there, too. I'm moaning, "No," but he knows I mean yes, and even if I didn't, there's no stopping him now. When he pushes his fingers inside me—one, then two, then three, four— there's -no resistance, only wet invitation.  Cavin flips me onto my back, pulls my shirt up over my head, shuttering light and trapping my arms in the long sleeves. He nips the length of my body, not enough to open skin, but I might discover bruises later. "Don t come until I say you can."  I lay wrapped in darkness, head whirling with semideviant sex, inhaling the scent of dampish earth and sharp evergreen incense. I hear him slither out of his jeans, and now he crosses my wrists, pins them over my head. He enters me, thrusting fiercely and growling like a rutting wolf and I learn something new about my husband. Also myself, when our mutual orgasm -elicits my completely unscripted scream.  He withdraws but doesn't immediately free my hands. "We should play this game more often. I kind of like you helpless. He smooths my shirt back into place and</p>

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	<p>kisses me softly before releasing me completely. As I follow his unhesitant lead straight to the bikes, I'm listing slightly. And as we start back toward the city, I sort through my unease. The only other person who engaged me in alternative play was Jordan, and it was always with tacit consent, Cavin's game was a surprise, and not totally pleasant. When I finally escaped my mother's abuse, I swore forevermore to remain in complete control. Marriage cannot—will not—change that.</p>
17	<p>"Oh, shit. Too much rough sex?" ...Without his intervention, I might still be stripping in Las Vegas.</p>
18	<p>Charlie interrupts, drinks in hand. "Dinner's in the oven, the bread is sliced, and the table is set. Let's get buzzed."</p>
20	<p>Truthfully, Eli is maddening. I'm generally good at reading people, but that kid is perplexing, not to mention brilliant at wordplay. At seventeen, he can almost hold his own with me. It will be interesting to see how he matures. Suddenly, unreasonably lonely, I decide another drink couldn't hurt so I finish off the cognac. ...Mist. Fog. Licking. As my eyes close, it's Eli I'm thinking about.</p>
21	<p>The alcohol allowed deep sleep, sans dreams, or at least any I can remember. I must have spaced the drinks far enough apart for my body to metabolize them well, because I woke refreshed, and with no hint of hangover.</p>
23	<p>Towel dropped on the floor, I'm just stepping into lacy panties when Charlie appears. He gives a low whistle. "Wow. Nice picture." I don't really care if he sees me in the buff, so I dig for a bra and present him with a simple question. ..."Six cases of vino in the trunk." He watches me fasten the hooks and eyes with undisguised interest. ...He snickers. "Nah. I mean, I don't know. I like being with her. She's fun and hell on wheels in bed." "Is that so?" I slip a peasant blouse over my head. "Well, I'm glad she hooked up with a nice guy." ...He crosses the floor and words materialize: "I just want to eat you." "What are you doing Charlie?" He stops only inches away. "Hopefully what you want me to?" "What made you decide that?" "Well, Cassandra said you sleep around, and I think you're hot, and you did let me see you naked, so..." ..."Charlie, when I was single, I absolutely slept around. But never while married, at least not without tacit permission, and one of the few requirements I've ever had of lovers was that they weren't emotionally committed to someone else...My moral sense won't allow me to sleep with you, both because of Cavin and also because you regularly fuck my friend."</p>
29	<p>"Last I heard she was shacking up with Eli."</p>

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34	Melody was driving me to my scheduled knee surgery at Barton Memorial Hospital, and we'd been discussing Kayla's illicit activities, including her marijuana habit. "Yes, I've smelled it on her before but have tried to ignore it," Mel admitted. "I'm sure it's just a phase, and besides, to tell you the truth, she's easier to get along with when she's a little buzzed."
41	"Hot. Fun. No strings." ..."But bad boys generally don't want commitment. They want no-strings hot fun."
50	...and the fact that his mother had committed suicide.
53	It burps and hiccups, and the scent of burning oil embraces hints of tobacco and booze. "Fuck off, Mom," I call after it.
55	<p>The sound trickles in through the open sliding glass door, and it takes only a few seconds to identify Eli and Kayla, having sex. They don't seem to care if someone hears them. Wonder how they'd feel about someone watching.</p> <p>...With the house steeped in shadow, moon glow spotlights the scene on the deck. Kayla is on her hands and knees, facing the forest. Eli kneels behind her—thankfully shielding the body parts that would be incestuous to view. But I can see one of his hands, knotted in her hair, pulling her head back so her face turns up toward the star-sequined sky. They perform as if on camera—his hard thrust and slow withdrawal eliciting her low growl of pleasure.</p> <p>Stop watching.</p> <p>Turn away.</p> <p>Go back to bed.</p> <p>But I can't. I'm perversely fascinated. It's not like I've never witnessed people having sex before. I mean, right out of high school I worked at a Vegas strip club, and while I never interacted that way with a customer, plenty of the girls did, often right there for all to see. But those ladies were "seasoned," to be kind, and their clients were mostly out for cheap thrills. The act, bought and paid for, tended to be drunken, fast, and dirty. Nothing I wanted to see.</p> <p>This, however... I can't not watch. It's an unfolding. Raw. Unpretentious. A little clumsy, even. For all Eli's older lover claims he's "all man," the truth is he's just a boy. And though I know Kayla has been intimate with at least a couple of guys, she's every bit as inexperienced. The two are relying on instinct. Pure animal drive, like big cats called by nature to mate for the first time.</p> <p>I expect Eli to finish quickly. Instead he brakes himself, more mature than I believed, coaxes Kayla onto her back. I sink to the floor as close as I can get to the door without them noticing my presence and lean against the wall, watching Eli's hands travel the length of Kayla's legs. When he reaches her thighs, he pushes them apart, burrows his face between them, and it's all I can do to swallow the moan that has lodged in my throat.</p> <p>Lust-fueled, he enters her again, missionary-style. All lion now, he fucks hard and fast, and when her growl blossoms into the roar of orgasm, I don't need to touch myself to com, too. I catch my breath, the sound barely audible, but enough to make Eli twist his head slightly, left ear toward the open door. I can't see his face, but I suspect he's smiling. Unreasonably, I am, too.</p>
57	The green perfume of marijuana drifts in from outside and follows me into the hall.

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	<p>...Despite the lovely opioid haze I've been enjoying, pain spasms from shin to groin.</p> <p>...I turn on the light in the hallway to announce my approach and allow them to cover up the essentials, and I underline the fact that I'm here by saying, quite loudly, "If you're going to smoke that stuff, the least you could do is shut the door so it doesn't stink up the house."</p>
58	<p>I try to keep my eyes above his waist, but the temptation to compare him to Cavin is massive and I succumb. Eli definitely inherited his father's exceptional asset. He smiles at my interest.</p> <p>..."The weed. I forgot it offends you."</p> <p>..."Maybe you should try some weed." He fingers tiptoe upward</p>
59	<p>He also wears the musk of sex. "You should take a shower."</p> <p>"What for? I like how it smells. Beside, we'll do it again when we go to bed."</p> <p>...I wander back to my own bed, toss both robe and gel pack, and shake my husband from whatever dream he's wandered into. "Fuck me."</p> <p>Like he has a choice.</p>
60	<p>Despite the pharmaceutical aid and a luscious round of semideviant lovemaking, sleep did not come easily last nigh.</p>
61	<p>"...I had no clue anyone else was awake, let along smoking pot in the nude on deck."</p> <p>Her face flares scarlet, but she doesn't apologize. "Weed lowers inhibitions. I was trying to be more adventurous, remember?"</p> <p>"Yes, well, I can understand that. But it's not my fault I happened to catch the tail end of your little adventure. If you're expecting privacy, a bit of caution might be prudent."</p> <p>...Her demeanor tempers. "I'm not sure monogamy is a human trait."</p>
62	<p>"So if it's important to you, why do you keep hooking up with stoners?"</p>
83	<p>I never met my grandfather, who was stationed at Mountain Home Air Force Base when he played the knock-up-a-local-girl-then-get-out-of-Dodge game, or at least that's how the story went. My grandmother raised Mom solo in Glens Ferry, Idaho, though she apparently cycled through a string of men, one of whom ultimately drew a steady bead and shot her through her left eye in the heat of an argument.</p>
91	<p>"...Don't you feel strange about sleeping with your father's ex-fiancée?"</p> <p>"Not really. Why should I?"</p> <p>"It doesn't seem a bit incestuous?"</p> <p>He looks me straight in the eye. "Sleeping with you might be a bit incestuous."</p>
93	<p>"I need a beer," says Cavin, standing and grinding the argument to a halt. "Tara, can I bring you something?"</p> <p>"I don't suppose you have a margarita handy?" Tequila, yeah, that's what I need.</p>
96	<p>"Doesn't it bother you, thinking about the two of them having sex?"</p> <p>...Conversely, what are the odds that Eli conjures images of me when he's having sex with Sophia? Kayla? Himself?..."</p>

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98	<p>He tilts his chin up and I take the hint, kissing him full on the mouth and dipping the tip of my tongue inside. Hunger surfaces in his eyes.            "Wanna make out?" I tease.</p>
108	<p>Suddenly I realize how few times we've indulged our libidos since we got back from our honeymoon.            ...Now I'm parched.            Thirsting.            And not for sangria.</p>
111	<p>The evening Eli stayed in Reno, our lovemaking was disappointing at best. The foreplay was good enough- Cavin is brilliant at cunnilingus, and I just have to find a comfortable way to lie, legs open in invitation, for that. It's nice. But nice is not what I'm after. My goal, that night and in the future, is dirty, nasty, bordering-on-demonic fuckfesting. Instead, any time I moaned, whether for the right reason or not, he was all, "Sorry. Didn't mean to hurt you." Then he backed off, though not completely out. He gave just enough to finish and pull away, satisfied if not depleted.            High school sex déjà vu.            Except for the tongue.            High school boys hate oral sex.            Giving, not receiving.            So, if anything is making me lean toward saying okay to surgery, it's my desire to live out my life having lust-driven sex without worrying about popping my tibia sideways due to abnormal rotational forces.</p>
122	<p>I settle into a nightmare, find comfort there, because at least I know I'm dreaming. Melody and I are sleeping on a makeshift bed on the smelly floor of the closet of a motel room. We were scared when Mama shut us in here, but she said we didn't want to see what was going to happen. We hear everything.            The man grunting            Mama moaning.            The man's voice rising, angry.            Mama begging. "I need another twenty. Come on, baby. I'll do whatever you want.            Something slapping skin.            Mama crying.            Something thumping against flesh.            Mama screaming.            Crashing. Thrashing. Something heavy hitting the floor. Quiet, then sudden movement.            The closet door yanks open. "Come on. We have to go. Fast."            As she hurries us toward our escape, I see the man, still naked, lying silent on the floor, a small trickle of blood on his forehead where the now-broken lamp connected. She pushes us out the door and across the parking lot, to where the pickup truck sleeps. I wait till we're on the highway to ask, "Did you kill him?" "I don't think his wife got that lucky." Her voice is cold concrete.            ...Suddenly, my body compresses again, only this time when I ascend from the depths, I look up into my husband's eyes, feel the dream-risen heat of his skin</p>

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	<p>against my own. Relief relaxes me into his arms, and a vortex of need drives away every vestige of fear. Despite his weight, I can breathe again.</p> <p>I inhale him.</p> <p>Exhale me.</p> <p>Into his mouth, a breath of us, wrapped up in a kiss too tender. I want more, want him to take me, and encourage him with a tango of tongue and teeth. He understands, no words required, moves the dance lower. I arch my back, invite his hands to explore the knolls of my breasts, and the slow circling of his fingers lifts my nipples, ripens them into sweet, purple berries for the pluck of his lips.</p> <p>"Bite them," I demand, and he does, but too gently. "Harder." Quick bolts.</p> <p>Exquisite pain.</p> <p>...Cavin throws off the covers, drops back toward the foot of the bed, and parts my legs gently, careful to put a t e pressure on the left side. He kisses up the length of each, back and forth between them, and knowing what's surely coming next, an anticipation moan escapes me.</p> <p>I close my eyes against the morning -light and surety of his motives and am instantly rewarded with the firm demand of his tongue. It knows me well.</p> <p>All ghosts forgotten,- I open myself to the heady perfection of my husband's practiced foreplay, and when he pauses before entering me, I beg, "Please don't stop." My hands explore the firm musculature of his derriere, settle there, and push.</p> <p>Hard.</p> <p>He's inside me.</p> <p>Stretching me.</p> <p>Filling me.</p> <p>Rocking me.</p> <p>Making me scream.</p> <p>Anyone listening would think he was killing me, but every hint of pain is perfect pain, and I match each thrust with one Of my own until we build in unison to the ultimate cresting.</p> <p>Mutual orgasm.</p> <p>His, punctuated by distant thunder.</p> <p>Mine, by epic flood.</p> <p>I crumble back into his arms, and realize he's brought me to tears. "Thank you."</p>
134	Wonder if she's jealous of our obvious sexual connection
145	"Yeah, well, she can be a bitch, especially when she's buzzed. But like I've said before, a buzzed bitch is great in bed..."
149	By the time we touch down, I'm relishing a light buzz.
151	<p>"Considering the restaurant, I would have ordered a margarita, but I already had a couple of Bloody Marys on the plane. Don't want to mix liquors."</p> <p>...Protein, that's what I need. Steak. And vodka.</p> <p>My drink is halfway gone by the time our meal is delivered, so the protein has some catching up to do.</p>
153	The biggest part of me doubts it, though a little voice insists there must be more to human existence than eating, drinking, working, fucking, and finding a little fun once in a while, all leading up to lights-out forever.



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	If there is something approximating paradise, does it take church and Bible study to attain it? Logic insists otherwise.
157	And drinks. Lots of drinks.
158	"We are getting drunk together tonight," I insist. "It's only two blocks to stumble back to our room, and we need to celebrate."
160	<p>"Can I buy you two a drink?"</p> <p>"Only if I can buy one for you after."</p> <p>"Deal. Josh? These ladies are thirsty. Get your ass over here."</p> <p>..."Watch and learn," says Josh, reaching for a bottle of Hennessy. "A lot of cognac, a little triple sec, and a squeeze of lemon."</p>
161	<p>"...I don't like to speak ill of the dead, but that girl's mother was what we used to call a loose woma..."</p> <p>...I signal to Josh to bring another round, including a double bourbon for Alvin.</p> <p>...The whiskey does what it's supposed to do.</p> <p>..."...The whiskey's got my dirty mouth talking."</p> <p>"It's okay. My mouth fires up after a few drinks, too."</p>
162	<p>Alvin tosses back the rest of his bourbon.</p> <p>..."Oh, man. You two are going to get me sloshed." It's really not a complaint, because she slugs what's left of her sidecar.</p> <p>...Wonder if it has to do with Mustache Man, who's most definitely coming on to her and says, "Okay by me. A drunk woman is a fun woman, if you know what I mean."</p> <p>..."I'm not drunk yet, and I'm never very much fun. I'm married."</p>
163	<p>We drank a lot last night. And Melody did get drunk. Sloppy drunk.</p> <p>..."No. Wasn't me. In fact, she and I didn't make it past second base..."</p>
166	<p>I watch incredulously as she wolfs it down, wait until she's done to observe, "You should have sex more often."</p> <p>"No kidding."</p> <p>I think back to the ski trip we took in December and how on the way to Tahoe from Sacramento I mentioned picking up a guy in a bar.</p>
167	<p>"Was that, like, your first one-night stand?"</p> <p>..."Who knows? I've heard it gets easier with practice."</p>
169	<p>"...How long has it been since you had sex with Graham?"</p> <p>..."And how long since you've had sex that made you smile the way you were smiling this morning?"</p>
170	I don't voice my opinion that sex should rarely be the ultimate goal.
176	Lots of boys came on to me, but in overtly sexual ways that reminded me of my mom's men.
177	Well, everything except for the sex, which was expected in return for actual fun. I didn't mind so much, though it was all about him getting off. I'm not even sure he understood that I was supposed to enjoy it, too. I didn't.
178	When I wouldn't he drove even faster, away from the city, up into the hills, to an isolated spot he was obviously familiar with. As soon as he stopped, I jumped out of the car and started to run. But he was faster. Stronger. He caught me, threw



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	<p>me to the glass-littered ground, pinned me down, and raped me. It was vicious assault, and he alternated between laughter and foul vitriol. I fought back as best I could, but he completed the deed and left me lying there, bloodied and oozing evidence. As he fishtailed away, spraying gravel and dust, I picked myself up, straightened my ruined clothes, and picked debris from my tangled hair. Then I limped back toward the city until a nice woman stopped and offered to take me home.</p> <p>I filed a police report. Even turned over my semen-soaked panties.</p>
179	<p>My mom's medicine cabinet was overstocked with prescriptions designed to mitigate her depression, obsessions, etc. It was easy enough to pilfer one here and one there until I collected six with the highest dosage per. I figured any more than that and Coke would not disguise the taste.</p> <p>Turned out that was not a problem. He gulped down the whole, spiked thing. Not only did he OD but he passed out behind the wheel.</p>
184	<p>But this morning, he drew me from dreams, pulling me backward into the spoon of his body. "Happy birthday, beautiful lady," he whispered, lifting my hair and kissing the back of my neck. His hand crept over my side to cup my breast, and my nipples rose taut, waking before the Test of me totally did. He scissored them between two fingers with enough force to shoot sparklers, hot and just painful enough to bring me completely consciOUS and aware of his erection, snaking between my legs.</p> <p>I rolled onto my back and he lifted above me, reaching down to reward me with passion-steeped kisses. Forehead.</p> <p>Eyes.</p> <p>Mouth.</p> <p>Neck.</p> <p>Luscious circling of my breasts, with emphatic pauses at the tips, heightened by the roll of his tongue.</p> <p>Left-right beneath them, across my rib cage, then down my stomach, stopping to rest his chin on the mound beneath my belly button. "Goddamn, I love you," he exhaled before ducking his face into the space between my knees.</p> <p>Right-left up my legs, which I gratefully parted, granting access to the tunnel already sodden. His mouth settled at the entrance, tongue dancing over the desire-hardened marble before curling down inside of me. I came in twenty seconds.</p> <p>"My turn," he said, moving into position and stopping, the knob of his cock tantalizing. "Say please.</p> <p>"Please!</p> <p>As wet as I was, his breathtaking girth slipped in easily, and his well-practiced hips drove the length of him all the way in, up against my sweet spot. He pulled back, so slowly, an exquisite tease before rocking back into me again.</p> <p>"Don't come," I begged, just as he brought me off with a huge cloudburst. "I want to watch you jack off."</p> <p>"Really?"</p> <p>"Really."</p>

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	<p>He pulled out of me, slick with my orgasm, and his hand closed around his cock, stroking it in a circular motion, effort on the forward direction, which surprised me. I always thought it worked the opposite way. It was a powerful turn-on, especially when he said, "If I'm doing this, so are you. Touch yourself."</p> <p>I touched myself.</p> <p>He stroked himself,</p> <p>We traded off.</p> <p>And we came together.</p>
186	<p>"Now let me ask you something. Why the masturbation thing? You been watching porn?"</p> <p>...Jordan didn't care, as long as there were plenty of, as he called them, "dripping pussy shots."</p> <p>I claimed I didn't know why I wanted to watch my husband pleasure himself, and I didn't at the time. But now, sitting here waiting for my very special birthday dinner at our favorite Italian bistro, I think it had everything to do with being yanked from a dream that featured Eli masturbating while I smoked weed in the hot tub.</p>
188	<p>When I talked to her about it, she was completely contrite and chalked it up to alcohol.</p>
206	<p>And sex will not happen until he offers a satisfactory explanation.</p>
211	<p>"Good. Then let's get naked."</p> <p>"Here?"</p> <p>"We're all alone. And no one can see from the highway. Ever skinny-dipped?"</p> <p>"Of course."</p>
212	<p>I doubt he could have accomplished an erection immersed in the frigid water, but once out it doesn't take him long. "God, you're beautiful when you're wet," he says, before proceeding to make me even wetter, and in a place the lake couldn't reach.</p> <p>...Cavin's tongue-enhanced kisses in all the right places.</p> <p>It's a heady experience.</p> <p>I open my legs, inviting entrance. But, most unexpectedly, he flips me onto my belly, lifts me onto my hands and knees. "Let's take a test-drive, shall we?"</p> <p>It would be the first time I've attempted ex in this position since I wrecked my knee. I've been dying to do this, but I'm a little worried. "I don't know..."</p> <p>"If it's uncomfortable, I'll stop."</p> <p>I don't think he had stopping in mind.</p> <p>His initial push is a long, steady climb.</p> <p>Upward.</p> <p>Inward.</p> <p>I rock back into him until I can't go any farther, then slowly pull away. He matches my pace, opposite stroke for stroke, but finally I urge him faster as the bend of my leg begins to feel tentative. I'm glad for the deep pillow of sand, which relieves the stress enough to allow our mutual quaking orgasms.</p>
213	<p>"Wow!" exclaims Eli. "Not many guys are lucky enough to have moms who look like that! You should wear a bikini more often."</p>

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214	"Whatever you desire, my darling. Personally, I'm starving." He winks. "All that beach action."
215	Yes, sex was involved.
219	Though it produces the intended result, our lovemaking isn't exactly hot,...
222	Cavin's still asleep when I shower, but the hard splashing of water against the tiles wakes him soon enough, and I invite him in for some seriously sexy back (and other, more relevant, body parts) washing, careful not to forget about the risk involved with wet tile. Despite the clear- and slippery- danger, we manage second-round-in-a-single-morning orgasms, and I feel a little better about his imminent departure.
234	"...You know my mother committed suicide. It was my father's gun she used..."
240	...considering I'm standing her in the buff, something I might not have noticed except the chill morning air has sharpened my nipples into taut peaks.
244	"...In fact, I just read that the autopsy report showed prescription painkillers, plus a blood alcohol level of point nine..."
247	"Sometimes sparks smolder. You could have thrown a match or a marijuana butt down anytime."
260	"Well, we had dinner and then we came back to the hotel for a nightcap and ended up having more than one. "You got drunk with my sister?" "She got drunk and I watched, actually. I don't think she's used to hard liquor, and she was tossing back chocolate martinis like they didn't contain vodka."
263	I've slept alone for months now and the smell of last night's sex disorients me at first. But now I remember. The man is a stranger, one I only just met a few days ago. ...I enjoyed the encounter. He was a decent lover, eager enough to give as well as receive.
264	It can't be the stranger who loves beat poetry. Grunge music. Fucking me.
276	"Some. It's nice to have sex readily available, you know? Especially when you don't have to be married to get it when you want it." "Easy sex is the only reason you'll miss her?"
277	"Scary chicks are great in the sack."
285	"Tell you what. You give me one of those breasts and I'll see what my wet mouth can do for you later." ...But before he fixes his own, he comes around and slips a hand inside my blouse. "Tell you what. You give me one of these breasts and I'll guarantee what my wet mouth will do for you later." "You've got a deal, mister." After dinner, with Eli gone and the neighboring houses empty, I suggest we take our just-purchased-today, Double Gold Award—winning cabernet out to the hot tub, where we sit and soak in the buff, listening to irresistible alternative music. By mutual silent agreement, we don't talk about work or crazy relatives or try to

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	<p>make plans for the weekend.</p> <p>The water's heat erases any vestige of pain and makes my muscles pliable. When we've emptied our glasses, I put them aside and scoot sideways into Cavin's lap, and all it takes is a demanding kiss to bring him rigid between my legs. It would be easy enough to allow him entry right now. But that would deny all the earlier talk of wet mouths.</p> <p>"Sit up on the edge," I tell him.</p> <p>I am able to kneel on my left knee and extend my right leg to the side.</p> <p>...it doesn't hurt and allows me to go down on him without much of a problem.</p> <p>Some women, I've heard, don't enjoy giving head, but it's almost as much a turn-on for me as receiving it is, even though it's something of a feat with Cavin because of his size.</p> <p>But I enjoy a challenge, especially this one, and at this angle I can bring him over my tongue and into my throat on entry, then slowly lift my face, applying enough suction to make him moan his pleasure. At one point I pause long enough to ask, "Is my mouth wet enough for you?"</p> <p>"Perfect," he manages, asking for more with the plea of his hands.</p> <p>I make him as slick as I can, then fold my breasts around him, sandwiching his pulsing shaft. Up. Down. Up. Down. Sensuous rise and fall. His hands enfold mine and he quickens the tempo, grasping my nipples in the Vs of his fingers and vising them to the point of just-pain. Together, we bring him very close to climax, something he refuses.</p> <p>"Get out," he says, and when I do he lifts me off my feet and lays me gently on a big beach towel spread over a lounge chair. "I believe I gave you a guarantee. Close your eyes.</p> <p>To the tune of R.E.M.'s "The one I Love" and the forest's own night music, I give myself completely to the demands of my husband's mouth and tongue, and he makes good on his promise, rewarding me with a great silken wave of pleasure. Rather than chance the chair's flimsy nature, he tugs the towel, with me still on it, to the relative stability of the deck itself. Quickly, he's inside me, brimming me with every thrust, and oh, how I wish I could lock both legs around his waist. I make do with one, lifting my hips as best I can to meet the drive of his body.</p> <p>What's that noise?</p> <p>It's a low, primal growl, and I realize suddenly it's emanating from me.</p> <p>And what it means is I'm coming now.</p> <p>No, more than that.</p> <p>My orgasm escapes in a superheated geyser.</p> <p>"Holy hell!" exclaims Cavin.</p> <p>One strong arm lifts me gently, turning me onto my side, and he enters me from behind. Five long, hard strokes, and he shudders, exhaling, "God, I love you," into my hair as he comes. My husband is sexy as hell.</p> <p>He gathers me into the cup of his body, smooths my messy tresses, calms my stuttering heart, running his fingertips softly along my moonlight-bathed skin. It's lovely, and not the kind of gift one could expect after sex with a stranger.</p>
301	Interesting synonym for "fuck buddies,"...
308	"...There's a big fat bud with my name on it."

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309	Finding none, I wet my lips with a sweep of my tongue and rewarded him with one lingering kiss before pushing past him to return to my own sleeping quarters.
317	I was seventeen, and I'd spent the afternoon ditching school in favor of unspectacular sex with Berry Lewinski. ...She wrinkled her nose at the stink of sweaty sex clinging to his body.
319	For all his apparent worldliness, there is vulnerability on display here, too. I had no idea it could be so alluring. I loosen the sash on my robe. "Are you sure?" His eyes grow wide, but he doesn't move. "Very funny." I untie the sash completely, revealing a long strip of flesh. "Not kidding." He crosses the space between us in a single long stride, but again his confidence falters before he dares touch me. "I...I..." My robe falls all the way open. "Go ahead." Still, he hesitates, so I lift his hands to my breasts. He closes his eyes. "Oh my God. I never expected..." He begins a slow, sweet exploration, made easy by the coconut oil still clinging to my body. His left hand traces the upper contours, a single fiber trailing back and forth between the risen peaks of my nipples. His right walks down my belly, through the softest forest of hair, to the valley beneath, slips inside. His lips touch mine, whisper upon them, "Beautiful." But that's as close as we come to kissing, as if that act would join us too intimately. Make this wrong. There can be no right or wrong. Only what is in this moment. I reach for his shirt. Fumble the buttons. Who's the clumsy one now? "I'll help you," he says, but just as the words leave his mouth the doorbell rings. ..."Then I'll get it. But first..." He licks his fingers. "Yum."
320	shit shit
323	"...I promise not to drink too much..." ..."Shut up already," demands Eli, defying his father by taking an obvious sip of pinot.
327	"...It had more to do with your grandmother's suicide." Eli can't hide his surprise. "That's how she did it? I always figured it was pills or something." "It is unusual for a woman to use a gun. But if you're serious about an attempt, it's got to be the most sure way to accomplish the deed."
329	Even boys as bright as Eli are rocket fueled by libido.
330	But it was really rather nice, and my own libido rises as I replay the short encounter. I close my eyes, allow my own hands to play the role of younger lover. Self-pleasuring can never match the energy of the real thing, but it takes the edge off enough to allow a slow drift toward slumber. ...Regardless, desire erupts like the recent mango-fueled hives- fast, hot, insistent. ...Fully conscious of my own limitations, I turn into his heat. Kiss his mouth. His neck. Pause my lips at the beat of his heart. Steady. Slow.

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	<p>Not so much as a hopeful flutter.            My hand explores the few curls on his chest. Belly. Drops to caress the muscles of his thighs, and turns so my fingertips brush his cock, which at last promises to consider my inspired invitation.            It rouses.            Writhes.            At last refuses.            Still submerged in slumber, Cavin moans.</p>
333	"...Scrubbing away evidence of sex?"
334	<p>"I'm sorry. I don't mean to be paranoid, but the thing is, when I came to bed last night, I wanted sex. I tried very hard to rouse you, or at least your penis, but no go..."            ..."Okay. So, why didn't you just wait a little and try again?"</p>
344	<p>Just beyond is Kayla, whose eyes are shot through with crimson streaks. Not to mention, she reeks of liquor.            ..."How exactly did you score the booze?"</p>
345	"She's drunk."
349	Due to alcohol or sheer exhaustion, everyone sleeps in late the next morning, emerging from their personal cocoons disheveled and/or fighting hangovers.
350	"Yeah. I guess he slept with the owner's wife."
353	<p>"Oh shit. You don't think she was sleeping with him, do you?..."            ..."Frankly, Eli, I don't think she cared about who she slept with, as long as it got her what she wanted..."</p>
365	<p>Whether or not it included sex is anyone's guess, but it started with this little underground business he conducted, selling prescriptions for controlled substances.            ...She should have known better than to drive under the influence of both booze and opioids,...</p>
368	But you always claimed you ere averse to sleeping with married men.

Profanity	Count
Ass	5
Bitch	8
Cock	2
Fuck	27
Piss	13
Pussy	1
Shit	18